Dolce

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/15123341.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham
Additional Tags:	Non-Consensual Drug Use, Bathing/Washing, Vignette, Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham, Episode: s03e06 Dolce, Post-Episode: s03e06 Dolce
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Novel/Show-verse Timestamps
Collections:	Fresh Meat Friday
Stats:	Published: 2018-07-01 Words: 762 Chapters: 1/1

Dolce

by Necronon

Summary

That bath we all know Hannibal gave Will off screen.

Notes

Items in this series stand alone unless otherwise stated. Additional content and sequels, if they occur, will likely happen as chapters.

See the end of the work for more notes

Will ducks forward with a dejected grimace and clutches at him with his serviceable arm, and Hannibal, justifiably affronted, denies him his shoulder and wrenches Will's jacket down. Hannibal knows it hurts. He means it to.

The audacity, to try and ply him with intimacy *now.* What could have been a hard-won and gladly-received embrace after so many declined opportunities and cold shoulders. Had Will not tried to gut him. Had Will not brought his *forgiveness* along.

Hannibal tries not to let lingering resentment sour the moment, but it creeps in like a fog. Will's righteousness is a savage thing. Beautiful. Hannibal should be pleased, but he doesn't have time to field inconsequential feelings. He'll revisit them after he's eaten, if his ache isn't already sated in full. Jack is a significant variable, and he needs Will clean and dressed and strapped in before their guest arrives. Tonight's events will hinge heavily on Jack's pride.

And his shame.

Will's throat bobs as he swallows a muted gurgle. Hannibal has gripped him too tightly during his distraction, damp curls twined around mean fingers. It stirs a bit of sobriety out of his charge.

"D-doctor…?" Will's eyes roll behind his slatted lids. Hannibal eases his grip and cradles Will's head.

"Shh."

"D—"

"It's all right, Will."

Hannibal finishes massaging shampoo into Will's hair and feels for the pitcher at his side, a Greek oenochoe whose bronze belly casts a soft, golden patina over Will's thigh as he dips it into the water. The curator who'd fenced it to him would have a conniption if he discovered the antique had been taken out of retirement. It complements the tub's copper feet and faucet just so, and, had he the time, Hannibal would stretch some canvas and set up the easel. He alternately drafts a new en-suite in his Mind Palace, a luxurious room of copper and blood, still as the storm's eye. At the center, Will's lax, uncomprehending expression through lazy motes of dust like veils. Dull and dreamy.

"Eyes closed," Hannibal instructs, tipping the vase. A gentle stream of water cascades over Will's forehead, pulling his curls behind his ears.

The bathwater is pink with blood. Hannibal has drawn it carefully so that the waterline rests at the jut of Will's hips and below his bandaged wound. Droplets run in little estuaries over Will's iliac furrows as Hannibal sponges away the residual dried blood. It flakes away and dissolves in bath. The aromatic bouquet of blood, sweat, and olive oil soap, specially purchased from Marseilles in anticipation of Will's arrival, drags Hannibal into a liminal trance. It is almost ideal. Except Will's wound, stupor, and shed weight once upon a time

gained by frequenting Hannibal's dinner table. He laments these changes, because they signal the impending and necessary end. Soon, the world will be shy one Will Graham.

Will turns into Hannibal's palm, as if to kiss his fingers, but his mouth slackens, breath even and warm. Hannibal swabs away a trail of saliva from the corner of Will's lips, contemplates it, then sucks his thumb clean.

"How are you feeling?"

"F-f… Warm. S'warm."

"I've given you a mild sedative. It's unlikely you'll remember this moment."

"Hmmh…"

Will—under the spell of Hannibal's psychotropic cocktail consisting primarily of ketamine and scopolamine—smiles and reddens, cheeks rounded and eyes crinkled. Almost vestal. Hannibal traces the delicate dome of an eyelid, feeling the soft fan of his eyelashes. He can let himself do this now, a small indulgence before the final act. Will is not nonreciprocal, simply angry. Radiant but deluded by morality.

An avenue it is too late to explore.

The morphine drip will come later. He doesn't have an anesthesiologist on hand, but even if complete sedation were feasible, it would be anticlimactic to put Will entirely under. No, he'll have Will's final moments, and Jack as a witness.

Hannibal helps Will out of the bathtub, bearing the brunt of his weight as he towels him dry. He leads Will to the upholstered bench at the end of the bed and leaves to fetch Will his clothes. When he returns, Will reflexively takes the neatly folded stack.

"Shall I help you dress?" Hannibal offers a hand, but Will continues to stare at the collar of the provided dress shirt with something like wonderment.

"W… G…" A slur, almost indecipherable. "You…"

"Yes," Hannibal says, then Will's moment of lucidity lapses and he bows forward and almost topples off the bench.

Hannibal catches him under his arms and tucks Will's head into neck, his eyes stinging.

End Notes

My tumblr.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!